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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

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Vol. CXXXVII

MAY, 1941

No. 5

Our Mother's Day Cover

As our mother of the month we present Mrs. Mary Darling White.

To those who know her best this well-known and beloved worker measures up to the requirements of the Golden Rule Foundation: she is a "successful mother" in her own right; she has "courage, moral strength, patience, affection, sympathetic understanding, home-making ability"; she "makes friends readily" and is "able to meet people easily in her duties"; and she has a "sense of social and world relationships."

Born in New England, long a resident of New York, at home among both races in the South, a

welcomed visitor in the homes, churches and women's meetings of the Mid West and Pacific Coast, Mrs. White belongs to us all, a real Mother-in-Israel.

Unfortunately Mrs. White must "retire" the first of June from her post as Woman's Secretary in the Home Board of Missions, but one of her closest friends writes: "I can't see Mary Darling ever really retiring. We need her and she will keep on keeping on, living, loving, laughing through it all."

The HERALD also would pay tribute to all other women who are so truly mothering the missionary movement.

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Published regularly since 1805

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A Missionary Credo

By President Everett C. Herrick of Andover Newton Theological School*

I WOULD like to give expression as best I can to a faith I hold and in which I would live out the remaining days of my life. So I will use without apology the credal and personal term, "I believe," for it is a confession of a certain faith.

I believe that in the future—not far distant, indeed within the next generation—there will come in the world a new and potent missionary movement which will take its place among the historic expansions of all the Christian Era. I believe that already the stirrings of this new impulse are here, like the whispering wings of a dawning day, and he that hath ears may hear.

I believe that scattered over the earth and hidden in the unnoted walks of the humble, there are youths who tomorrow will be the Careys and Judsons and Moffats and Duffs and Livingstones and Boardmans of the new dispersion and the new rebuilding of the Church of the Living God. In our midst here there may be someone to be called and to answer. For when He who is high and lifted up still cries, "Whom shall we send and who will go for us," the dauntless one answers, "Here am I, send me."

*From his Chapel talk on the eve of a great missionary day at the Seminary.

I believe that this new movement will find the new motive and the new impulse for which the willing and expectant are waiting. If that earlier motive, rooted in the proclamation of a future salvation for the lost and all too often in a sectarian pride, has passed, it is in order that a new motive more impelling and worthy may take its place and send forth a new and flaming apostolate. And this impelling motive must be not that man's soul should be saved by Christ, but that man's spirit should be captured for Christ. For against the harsh outline of man's destructive denial of God's Kingdom there stands forth in a fresh and radiant light the Son of Man seeking a new and world-wide allegiance.

I believe that this new missionary movement will not be in the interest of the names that separate, but of the fellowship that unites. I believe that as our missionaries go to other lands the missionaries of other lands will come to America, which sadly needs them. I believe that more and more all missions will be seen in a unity of spirit, so that the same impulse that sends one man or woman into a rural field at home will send another into the jungles of Africa.

I believe that the genius of man that has turned to science and that has turned science into destruction, will find new methods and discoveries of the Holy Spirit by which the Word of God will prevail against all the forces of evil. When the old missionary agencies upon which the churches have depended grow weak and die, faith will prove itself effective by spiritual invention and there will come a renewed and vigorous church, as simple and primitive as the first Christians and as modern as the radio or a synthetic house.

I believe that in this century there will come a world penetration for Christ, a Sealed Brotherhood of His followers, who will go forth to restore Jesus Christ to the hearts of men and so to scatter the leaves of that tree of

Paradise which grows eternally for the healing of the nations.

This is no fancy for one who believes fully in Christ. For the Church must be missionary or die. And if the Church cannot be missionary in the old way it must be missionary in some new way, lest it perish from the earth and the gates of Hell prevail at last. We need spiritual scientists and engineers and a new order—even a new race of missionaries. The day may come when there will be "suicide squads" for the Kingdom of God as well as for the battling nations of the earth—and if for earthly kingdoms, why not for the heavenly? But behind them will follow an invincible host.

And for the day of preparation there is still the grace that makes men strong.

Dr. Holt's Latest Book*

THE high cost of a democratic society can only be met by a generation of people stirred by the great truths of Christianity, who seek a social order in which its spirit has free expression.

This is the theme of Dr. Holt's book. He emphasizes the fact that Christianity and democracy have come down the ages together, that they reinforce each other or die together.

In two striking chapters Dr. Holt deals extensively with the rootage

of democracy in the Old and New Testaments. He traces the emergence of this principle in America, and the part home missions has played in its extension across the continent. He does not hesitate to point out the places where our democracy has failed.

Today as never before the church must stand as the conscience of the nation. "With a revival of the great beliefs of the Bible," writes Dr. Holt, "must come a revival of faith in the dignity of man and his capacity for social achievement, a faith that there is wisdom in common people which a government cannot get along without."

**Christian Roots of Democracy in America.* By Arthur E. Holt of Chicago Theological Seminary. Friendship Press, New York. Cloth \$1.00; paper \$.60.

I Like Raising Money

By Katharine L. McElroy of Greece

PLEASE don't contribute too fast to the emergency fund for the relief of the Greek teachers of Orlinda Childs Pierce College, Athens. Let the last \$1000—well, say the last \$500 anyway—trickle in slowly.

This may seem like a strange request from one who is trying to collect the fund; more like the proverbial WPA worker. Still, that is how I feel about it. I enjoy the job, and don't want it to give out.

The nice thing about raising money is that it gives you a fine chance to admire human nature—which is bliss in these dark days. You send out letters of appeal to people you don't know, about the troubles of people *they* don't know. You wait none too optimistically, if you are new at this sort of thing, and then after a few days checks begin to flutter in.

Four dollars from a "Professor Brown," no address. Nothing in fact to show what kind of man he is except his stamp absent-mindedly stuck on upside down. "Nice man anyway," you think.

The next mail brings twelve dollars and a shaky note: "I wish I could give more." Mary Jackson.

"An elderly person," you surmise, "lives in Back Bay, Boston.

Perhaps she will let me call on her some day."

Then later you do call and find that she is a sprightly old lady of ninety, and that each year she has added a little to her interest in people and to her concern for those in trouble.

Ten dollars arrives next from a Greek who runs a lunch counter. He knows, his note says, of the fine work of the school and that its teachers are "much beloved." He wishes he could help them more. You think affectionately of him, and try to calculate just how many "red hots," how many plates of "sausages and mashed pots," how many thick shaving mugs of coffee this gift represents. You wonder, too, whether Americans know that Greek restaurants, even the not very stylish ones, are almost always spotless, like their fruit stores, and that Greeks resemble the Dutch in their love of cleanliness and order.

Generosity a Lovely Virtue

Then there are gifts from people you *do* know. Fifty dollars comes from a young woman who was once a short term worker in the college at Athens; twenty-five from another; fifteen from another. You have a good notion about the

income of each and you scratch your head sadly, wishing almost that you had authority to return some of their money, for you know they can't afford it. But generosity is such a lovely virtue! So, fundamentally you are glad.

Another mail brings a check for twenty-five dollars from a retired missionary who is in poor health and whose retirement allowance is small. "I saved this money to buy a radio," her note informs you casually, "but I realize that this is more important."

While you are still sighing over this one, the treasurer drops in to say that several other retired workers have asked him to turn over part of their April and May allowances to the fund. How can you fail to see good in human nature after that?

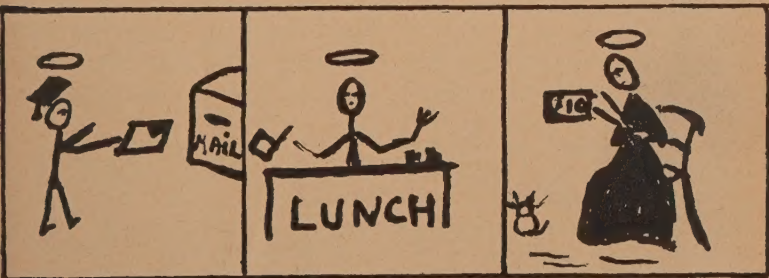
Then there are a few larger gifts from wealthier people: several hundred dollars from a friend of the college who is so eager to part with her money that she sends the check air mail the very

day the appeal arrives; pledges from other well-to-do people to whom you hesitated to write because you knew what large contributions they had made recently to other causes. With one of these comes a letter which unconsciously reveals the writer as one of God's elect.

"Sorry not to pay this until next month's income arrives," it says, "but anyway you can count on having it then."

And Many Have It

As you sit there you read between the lines, and think what a lot of good this month's income, now exhausted, and last month's income are doing for other causes as important as your own. Everyone, from Iceland to Africa, knows what a lot of wealthy people there are in America, because the good works of those people spread as far as the poles. It is great to be an American if you are that kind of American, and many are.

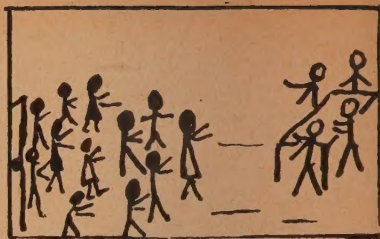


Our Unknown Benefactors

Another reason why it is fun to raise money for Pierce College is that it entitles you to a desk in the bustling offices of the Board, at 14 Beacon Street, Boston. There you sit clattering away at a typewriter trying to get something done for Greece, and glancing now and then at Dr. Alden Clark who, hunched over a desk nearby, is getting things done for India. You are conscious also that a little farther off Miss Mabel Emerson is getting things done for Africa, frowning with deep concentration over a problem which has arisen on the Limpopo River, and quite oblivious for the moment to the fact that a Chinese family of five has just arrived to see Dr. Fairfield and is being greeted with much grinning and back-slapping just outside her door. From time to time, too, you dance over with a check to the office where Mr. Belcher and Mrs. Hales search for untainted investments for the Board's funds; and as you pass through the outer office the secretaries there greet you with,

"How much has the college got now? Why, isn't that fine!"

At twelve-ten this outer office becomes a chapel where the workers of the Board gather to pray for one another and for the missionaries on the field. Each day one worker is described, the latest news about him and his family is given, and any particular problems or successes he



**The Rev. Miss Dibble
and 8000 Africans.**

has had recently are mentioned.

We leave these meetings more united to each other as well as more in tune with God, for one cannot feel that a person for whom one has prayed is a stranger. Indeed, if the Reverend Miss Dibble and the eight thousand Africans in her congregation were to walk into the meeting tomorrow, I would greet them quite automatically as friends and brothers, because we prayed for them recently.

If they do come, by the way, I hope it will be before the service rather than after, for eight thousand Africans would greatly improve our hymn singing which is lusty but not otherwise distinguished. The tunes are without doubt selected on Browning's great principle that "a man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" Thus when one of the unattainable notes is struck by our pianist, Miss Uline, or Miss Cushing, each of us mounts boldly as high as his voice will permit and stays there conscientiously until the

piano says "come down." Editor Bell attends these services regularly, although he is very musical and used to teach singing in Japan.

I enjoy raising money for Pierce College also because I know how desperately the fund is needed and how much it will mean to Greece and to our teachers. Briefly, the situation is this:

The Cry from Greece

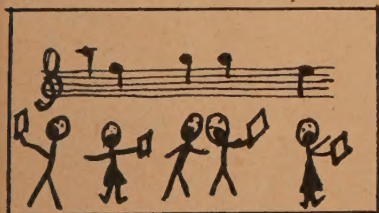
The college which in normal times does a fine Christian work has had to close because of the war, just as all Greek schools have had to do, and it will probably not be able to reopen for some time to come. In the interim its teachers are all doing relief work, as volunteers, since no paid posts are available. Some run a relief station in one of our buildings; others work in soup kitchens feeding the refugees who have swarmed into Athens from Saloniki and the northern battle areas. Still others are volunteer Red Cross nurses and spend their days and nights riding back and forth between the battle fields and Athens in the box cars and

trucks which are used to transport wounded soldiers to hospitals. They care for these sick and dying men on the trip south, and snatch what sleep they can on the return journey while the vehicle joggles its way back to the front.

For these services to Greece our teachers get no pay, for the government is spending every ounce of its meager resources for the munitions and other army supplies, and counts upon the former employers of those doing other war work to continue to pay them at least part salaries. But this Pierce College cannot do, for its income came largely from the fees paid by the wealthier students, and now that the school is closed the revenue has dropped to nothing. Yet, if the teachers do not receive some help their plight will be serious, for the college has always been forced to pay such small salaries that no one could possibly have saved on them for this emergency. Besides, these women have many dependents—aged parents and others—as is always the case in very poor countries, and these people, too, will suffer if the college cannot relieve them. The money is desperately needed therefore, so that one feels a stab of happiness as each dollar comes in.

God Answers

Finally, I like to raise this fund because the struggle of



Our reach exceeds our grasp.

doing it has taught me more of the meaning and power of prayer. People are generous, it is true, yet the money comes in slowly, usually in small sums, and the goal of eight thousand dollars seems a long way off. So you pray about it, because you can't help it, and you leave your prayers confident that somehow God will see the fund through.

There was a time when that idea of prayer was alien to you.

"God loves those teachers more than I do," you would have said. "He suffers far more than I in Greece's agony. Why should He help more just because I ask Him?"

Yet you now discover that that really is His way, just as

it was our Lord's way on earth. The Gadarenes besought Him to leave their shores so "He departed thence." The people of Nazareth had no faith, nor did they care enough for the sick in their city to take a chance and ask Jesus to heal them, so "he could do there no mighty works." And God is like that too, you find. Unless we care enough to ask Him He does not interfere in the affairs of men, for He is a coöperator and not a dictator in this world. But if we do ask Him He is there, and He cares, and He uses us and other selfish and unimaginative men and women like us, to accomplish His good purposes.

Roswell Barnes on the World Order*

NEVER has there been a time when most of the people in the world desired peace and order more earnestly than today. And never has there been a time when chaos and destruction were more prevalent. What can Christians do to help bring the hopes of the people into realization?

This is the question Mr. Barnes faces in his book. He makes it clear that the only international unity left in the world today is the

**A Christian Imperative: Our Contribution to World Order.* By Roswell P. Barnes of the Federal Council. Friendship Press, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cloth \$1.00; paper \$.60.

Christian brotherhood that has grown out of the missionary enterprise as it has drawn people together across all national boundaries. He describes in detail the ecumenical movement as it has developed in recent years, and he opens up helpfully the question of what local churches can do toward fostering a world mind.

"For us Christians," he states elsewhere, "international problems are not a matter of optional interest, to be taken or left as we choose. They do not lie on the margin of the church's responsibility, but at its center. The problem of world order is for Christians an imperative."



Wings over Valdez

At the Entrance to the Klondike

By Claton S. Rice

FLENN PHILLIPS accepted the call to the little mission at Valdez because he knew and loved Alaska. He had spent considerable time there as a miner before he went to college. His wife was glad to return there, too. She was raised in Alaska. Their four fine young boys were filled with the spirit of adventure as they took the boat north. Alaska! Alaska!

Valdez is a hard town from the church standpoint. It broke the young minister who preceded Phillips. He couldn't stand the

isolation and the brutal coldness of the area. After he had crept out to leave the ministry forever, a woman of Valdez wrote: "Send us a minister—but send us one who can work with his hands, and one who has a good wife." So Phillips went, and his wife!

Valdez was once the proud Alaskan entrance to the Klondike in British territory. Up over the glacier they went to seek for gold. Some died. A few found gold. All suffered. Now it is the terminus of the great Fairbanks highway, the one real

auto road in Alaska. The Reeves Aeroplane Transport Company's headquarters are here. The Territorial Court meets here. The President of the Territorial W.C.T.U. lives here. There is a good high school in the town.

Indians, half-breeds and whites meet in Valdez. It has some splendid people. They support a good newspaper. The glacier above the town keeps shifting uneasily all the time. The snow, often many feet deep, blankets the town in the winter. Snow may be beautiful. It is to most of us. But too much of it, for too long, is hard to take.

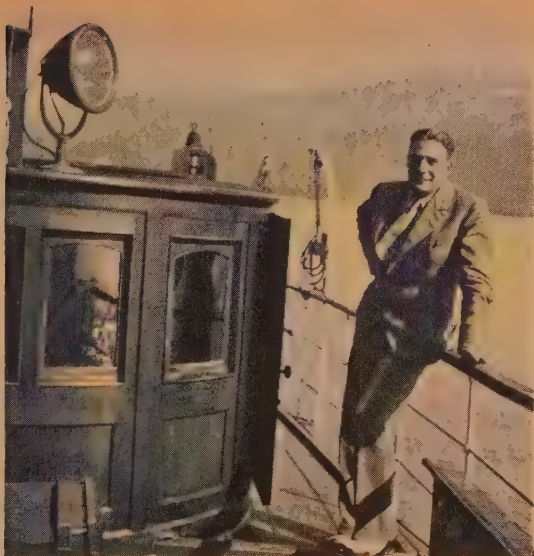
The church was nearly dead when the Phillipses arrived. Now

it has fifteen members. There was no Sunday school to greet them. Now seventy children are enrolled. There was no youth program. Now each Sunday evening the young people throng the little parsonage. Sunday movies across the street offer stiff competition, but Phillips recently acquired a projector of his own and much good film. He is sure now that he can hold his group Sunday nights.

Hospital experiences for both Phillips and his wife were difficult to face on missionaries' salaries. Fuel costs much, and food too! Inertia, frozen inertia, is a devastating thing. Through the long winter they face many difficulties.

The dog sled was the original means of transportation in Alaska





F. Glenn Phillips on a Missionary Trip by boat

But Phillips works on. He lost all his personal belongings when a Methodist mission boat burned at the dock a year ago. He was lucky that he didn't lose his life. He travels by mail boat to the isolated places to preach and to comfort. He is ready to fly a plane if necessary, for he is a Reserve Naval Pilot. He worked with his hands to obtain fuel for the church, life-sustaining fuel, and in building a new foundation for the church in the glacial bed—piles driven through the boulders.

This year he took the Federal census. Naturally it hardly paid its way. Distances are too great. But he walked or snowshoed or boated to every home or camp in

his area. Now he knows where everyone lives, who each person is.

Last summer he took several young people to the first Inter-denominational Young People's meeting in Alaska, at Seward. This was new to them. It opened up undreamed of possibilities. Religion, in Valdez, does not have many rosy hues, but this experience glows!

I think that Valdez needs Phillips. Perhaps Valdez does not know that, however. Towns are accustomed to discover men after they have gone. But Phillips will remain if we make it possible. He is the kind who sticks! She will stay, too, and the boys. And we must stay by them!



Things That Cannot Be Shaken

By Truman B. Douglass, Pilgrim Church, Saint Louis, Missouri

THE Good Earth is Not Shaken. There is a constancy in the natural order which can be trusted. Seed-time is followed by growth and harvest wherever men leave their quarreling long enough to till the soil. The seasons maintain their orderly rhythm of succession. Daylight and darkness follow one another in regular alternation. Quietly, with undiscourageable patience, the grass grows over the scars left upon fields of battle.

The essential decency of or-

dinary men and women is not shaken. In an age of stuffed-shirts and sawdust-Caesars, when the "great men" are making the earth a shambles, let us take comfort in the common people. Probe beneath the thin stratum of illusions and prejudices laid down by the propagandists, look behind the "front" of ideologies and mass superstitions, and then ask, "What does the common man, the ordinary citizen of any country, want?" . . . The ordinary man wants good things,

and peaceable things. He wants a roof over his head, and a warm fire on winter nights, and bread for himself and his family. . . . He wants a chance for his children to live in a world where life has dignity and value, not in a world where human life is cheaper than dirt. There is a fundamental goodness and decency in the heart of the common man. . . . This basic goodness in the hearts of ordinary men and women belongs among the Things That Cannot Be Shaken.

The power of a life which stands firm in its own integrity is not shaken. The excellence of truth-seeing, truth-telling, and truth-serving does not change with the changing mood of the times. When mass-insanity takes possession of the mind of humanity, there may be contempt and abuse for those who refuse to pronounce the popular shibboleths of the day. But in this age, as in every age, there is only one kind of life which is able to stand before the judgment-seat of Reality, and before the judgment-seat of its own self-respect. That is the life which is true to the light it is able to see.

The might of Truth—the certainty of its triumph over the untrue—is not shaken. . . . It works quietly without ostentation, but relentlessly, as whatever is untrue breaks itself in pieces against the unyielding rock of the Truth. Its victory does not belong to the future alone;

it is triumphing even now in the events and cataclysms of our own time. It is triumphing in the break-up of a civilization which has refused to learn the laws of community and fellowship. "One is your Father, and all ye are brethren." That is not idealism, it is truth; and it is prevailing in the collapse of everything founded upon insularity and selfishness.

God is not shaken. Some ideas of Him have been shaken, as well they ought to be. The idea of a God who prefers one color of skin above another has been shaken. The idea of a tribal God who leads one family of His children in a holy war against another family has been shaken. The idea of a God who plays favorites with pious folks, because they say the right words and perform the proper ceremonies, has been mightily shaken. But God—the Real God—who made the good earth and orders the constancy of nature, who speaks to us in all beauty, who is the Truth behind all separate truths, who works in the love that never fails—He is not shaken. Amid the passions and tumults of our time, His purpose is sure. In the crashing of human structures founded upon selfishness and hatred, His laws of community are being vindicated, as he makes even the wrath of men to praise Him. God is not shaken. Nor are the lives which are rooted and grounded in Him.



“Perplexed Yet Never Utterly Baffled”

*THE AMERICAN BOARD SURVEYS ITS WORK IN WAR AREAS**

By Wynn C. Fairfield

THE words from Weymouth's translation of the New Testament which stand at the head of this article are a very accurate description of the spirit in which the American Board is doing its work these days.

In **Greece**, Anatolia College at Salonika and Pierce College at Athens had to close immediately after Italy's invasion began. The Anatolia College American faculty has largely transferred to other places of usefulness. President and Mrs. E. W. Riggs remained with the older Greek members of the faculty on the campus, helping with the hospital service to which three of their buildings have been put, and in relief work in the city until April 8, the day the city was evacuated, when they left for Athens. One member of the American staff of Pierce College is serving in Aleppo. The others are at the College, engaged with the Greek teachers and some of

the students in many phases of war work. Dr. Marden and Dr. Parmelee are doing relief work, the former serving as agent for the distribution of relief provided by the Congregational Christian Committee for Assistance to War Victims.

No letters or cables have come from **Bulgaria** since the Nazi occupation, but the Near East College Association has had word that its American College at Sofia was continuing without interruption, so that we hope our workers also can carry on. **Turkey** is today on the verge of the war, with preliminary evacuation of Istanbul already begun. Unrest in **Syria** is ominous of increasing difficulties.

On the other side of Eurasia, the most significant developments of the first three months of the year have been in **Japan**. In January, as the House Committee on Foreign Relations heard Secretary Hull and other witnesses whose speeches were printed in Japan, the atmosphere

*As of April 11, 1941.

became much more tense. A deputation from another mission board then in Japan advised all its missionaries to leave as rapidly as possible, very largely because it felt that Christian Japanese would be increasingly embarrassed by association with potential "enemy aliens" in the persons of the missionaries.

Kumiai church leaders, expressing their deep appreciation of all the American missionaries had done, also expressed their reluctant but deep conviction that the time had come for the missionaries to take "furloughs" to America, because if hostilities should break out between the two countries, the unpleasant consequences which the missionaries would suffer would have no value as Christian witness, but would be simply those inevitable for "enemy aliens" still found in Japan. Educational leaders were not so clear in their conviction, but a month later Doshisha University gave similar advice.

These warnings from faithful friends led the mission to adopt a program of gradual withdrawal, with women and the few remaining children to take the first available accommodations, the men to follow later if still possible. This program was slowed down by the news that Miss Grace H. Stowe, who had been on furlough in America, had been issued her passport and was returning to Japan, which she reached on March 20, but plans

are still in process and it would not be surprising if all American Board missionaries by mid-summer had left Japan for America or other fields of service. Every effort is being made to make their services available for similar work in this country during this temporary absence.

From **North China**, the missionary mothers and others not in vigorous health have as a rule made reservations for sailings not later than May. Plans are being made for possible transfers of the rest to other fields in China, *when and if* that course of action seems clearly called for. Since such decisions depend on factors beyond their control and often beyond their possible knowledge, they are hard to make and to make wisely.

While events are forcing many missionaries to consider returning to America, they are also perplexing many **missionaries in America all ready to return to their fields**. Dr. Shepard of Istanbul made his way back around South Africa as ship's doctor. His wife and the new nurse went across the Pacific and flew from Penang to Bagdad in order to join him. The Nutes of Talas motored all the way from Calcutta to Karachi. Others have considered long bus rides through Africa, unable to pass through the Red Sea. Coming or going, our missionaries are "perplexed yet never utterly baffled."



I Choose the Country

By Madalene Blackwell, Yale Divinity School

I LOVE rural life. I have been attached to it from earliest childhood. I love the smell of the soil, the splash of the rain, the smile of the sun, the song of the birds, the laughter of the summer breeze and the zest of the winter scenes.

I love the growing crops, the long straight rows of corn, the golden billows of the ripening grain, the varied colors in the gardens, the graceful forms of flowers, ferns and trees.

I rejoice when men have faith to try again after drought or storm has brought destruction to the labor of their hands.

I know the country people. I believe in their hopes, their aspirations and their simple faith; in their ability to enlarge their lives and plan for the happiness of those whom they love; and in their contributions to the material, social and spiritual needs of our nation and world.

I believe in the farmer's right to a comfortable living and to such recompense for his capital, labor and skill as will remove any feeling of inferiority.

I believe in the country boy

and girl; in their longings for opportunity, their right to a trained mind, healthy body and a clean heart. I know the loneliness of farm life; I know what it is to long for an education and to hunger for the spiritual uplift, and then to live on for years with the haunting fear that these things were not for such as I, yet ever longing, hoping, dreaming that sometime in the dim future a way might open to me. I know the kind of experiences it takes to awaken the courage to rise and find a way to prepare one's self to answer the call to serve.

I want to work with country folk. I want to help them make life satisfying and useful, not only to themselves, but to others. I am not too sentimental or too idealistic for I view rural life from within, as one who came from it, is still a part of it, and shall return to it.

When I was being interviewed for Director of Week-Day Religious Education for a Missouri county, I was asked: "Can you accept this position at the salary we will pay you after you have spent so much time and money to obtain your education?" This



is my answer: The salary will provide me with a comfortable living, which is enough. The position will give me an opportunity to help rural people who have my love, sympathy and understanding. Perhaps I may lead some rural boys and girls to give to the world a service far superior to anything I might do

in this or any other capacity. I may be able to awaken others to the needs of rural people. If I can do these things then my salary—the greater part of it—will come to me, not in a check, but in the joy of knowing that lives are finding a new freedom, the freedom that comes through the joy of service.

MAY 18 IS RURAL LIFE SUNDAY

It is set apart for emphasizing the meaning of Christianity for rural life, for the invocation of God's blessing upon the cultivators of the earth, for the seeking of justice for those who work in agriculture and for the preservation of the spiritual values inherent in rural life. A service of worship with suitable suggestions for the observance of the day may be secured from the Town and Country Department, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Indian Students Also Teach

By Mrs. Ruth Parker White, Manamadura, India

ILLITERACY is one of the great problems of rural India. Although the Congress government has established many village

*Ruth receives literacy charts from
Mrs. Ruth P. White*



schools, masses of people are as yet untouched by education. So many children have to work in the fields, so many adults with no opportunity at all to learn!

When Frank Laubach of the Philippines passed through India, a conference on adult education was held at Pasumalai. Our boarding school headmaster brought back an enthusiastic report. He held a demonstration of methods for the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades. They thought it great fun to watch adults trying to master letters that they themselves had learned seven or eight years ago. I offered to furnish books to any who wanted to try teaching illiterates during the Christmas holidays. To my surprise every student came and asked for them. They seemed keen on what they were to do, but, knowing youngsters of that age, I wondered if they would soon weary of well doing.

Vacation lasted a month. Young folks can get tired of anything in that time. When the report meeting was held some of the students had not yet returned, but fifteen told how they had taught in their villages. Some had worked with the little children who herd the cattle or pull weeds in the fields to earn their daily rice, gathering them in the early morning or late afternoon. Some had taught adults to sign their names so that they would not have to use their thumb prints in business transactions. They had not slavishly followed the methods taught them by the headmaster, but had devised new tricks of the trade. Most of them had left their books in the villages because their pupils had begged to keep them to study by themselves until another vacation brought a teacher. Some, in addition to teaching, had helped with sports, social service and the religious activities of the village church.

Ruth, a girl of sixteen, taught an older woman to write her name and also held a class for a few little girls whom she taught to read and write a few words. They kept asking her to teach them different words, sometimes quite hard ones. As Christmas drew near she remembered the tree and the presents we have here at the boarding school and felt very sorry that these little village girls were not going to have any celebration at all.

Our students have little or no spending money. At our Christmas tree Ruth had received a small cloth bag containing a piece of soap, some beads, a pencil and some hair pins, as well as about ten small pieces of hard candy. She had taken it home just as it was without even eating the candy. She transformed her small bag into Santa Claus' sack, and out of it came her treasures to give Christmas joy to these village girls. Her happy face told us that she had a

Sivanandy, a Hindu lad, is telling how he taught the people to pray



lovely Christmas seeing those little girls made glad.

Sivanandy (Servant of Siva) is a Hindu boy from the robber caste. His approach to the problem of education was somewhat different but not without imagination. There is a school in his village. He rounded up all the boys who could attend school but who preferred to play and persuaded them to go to school. Then he decided the village needed cleaning up. He appointed himself as the head of the village improvement society, dug a pit in which the villagers could dump their refuse and put them to work cleaning the streets.

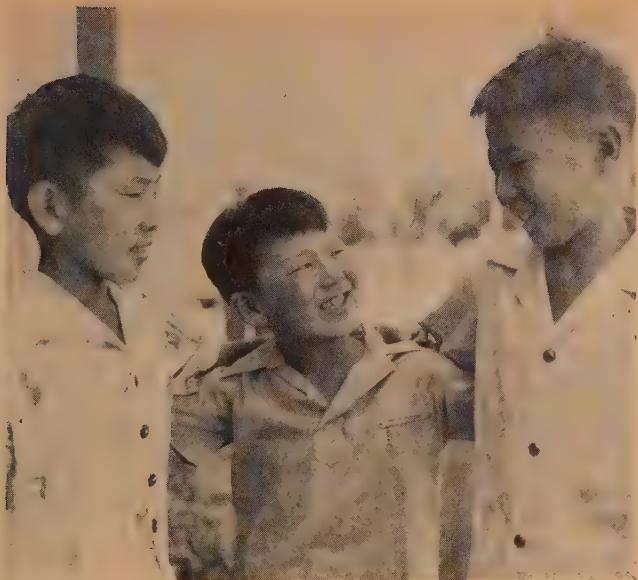
There are no Christians in his village, and he himself is not a baptized Christian, but he thought it would be good for his caste

people to learn to pray. He said: "None of the people in my village knew how to pray as the Christians pray, so I called a lot of them together and said we would have a prayer meeting. I began trying to teach them to pray. Some of them didn't like it and just got up and went away muttering that it was nonsense; others were glad to know of a way of worshipping God other than by offering sacrifices."

As Christmas meant nothing to these Hindu people, Sivanandy decided to have a New Year's celebration. Here again the small cotton bag received at the boarding school Christmas tree became a treasure sack. Soap, pencils and small writing pads were divided among the village boys to help them have a happy New Year.

AMID THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS

Is a new stereopticon lecture of fifty colored slides showing the home mission work of our churches in the mining camps and isolated valleys of Colorado, on the sparsely settled plains of Wyoming, in the Mormon dominated towns of Utah, and with the American-born Japanese young people of the Salt Lake region. Most of the pictures have been taken within a year. This lecture may be borrowed upon payment of transportation from the Missions Council at 14 Beacon Street, Boston, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City or 19 South LaSalle Street, Chicago.



Oriental Eyes but American Tongues

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

THE clothes, sports, language and attitudes of these boys are wholly American; only their ancestry and facial architecture are Japanese. If their eyes were rounder and their noses more aggressive their lot in life would be much easier. Because of these features they are likely to find their choice of occupations limited to the feeding of other Americans either through operating truck farms or running restaurants—both of which are intimate but not too highly appreciated services to society.

The young people of our Japanese churches in Ogden and Salt Lake City have become so Americanized that it has seemed wise to supplement the work of the Japanese pastor with an American social worker who is supported by our Board of Home Missions in coöperation with the Presbyterians. This position is held by Mrs. Eleanor Burnett Tyler, formerly a missionary in Japan; whose husband was superintendent of Nebraska for fifteen years and is now pastor of the First Church in Ogden.

Work Camps

*SPONSORED
BY OUR
CHURCHES*



In a Work Camp young people:

Live coöperatively, doing their own house cleaning, dish washing and wood chopping. The daily schedule and the assignments of individual tasks are worked out through a democratic procedure.

Learn the joy of working with their hands. Although the projects are directed by skilled workmen, hammers, saws, shovels and trowels are wielded by young people.

Share in the life of the community through participation in church services, recreation, folk dances, hikes.

Discover constructive solutions to social problems both through their work and the discussion of community problems.

Translate the Christian ideals born of summer conference ex-

periences into action through which they share in the building of the Kingdom of God.

Where the camps will be held:

Schauffler College. In an industrial section of Cleveland the young people will transform a dump into a playground and conduct various types of recreation.

Southern Union College. In the Alabama village of Wadley the young people will lay a water pipe to the campus, finish a dormitory and build walks.

Santa Clara, California. In the "Grapes of Wrath" country the young people will direct recreational and educational activities among a group of Japanese and ex-migrants who are struggling to establish permanent homes.

Merom, Indiana. "On the banks of the Wabash" the campers will complete some buildings and assist farmers in their regular work in such a way as to gain an understanding of rural life.

Deering, New Hampshire. The camp will be made ready for future use as a center for religious training while the young people study both the rural church and the life of a small factory town.

It is planned to hold these camps from June 27 to August 22.

They are designed for college students who wish to spend the summer in such a way as to enlarge their social understanding.

The tuition fee is \$50, the

other expenses being met from the contributions of interested individuals.

Each camp will be under experienced direction. Medical care will be provided.

For further information address
**Congregational Christian
Work Camp Committee
14 Beacon Street, Boston,
Mass.**

The Connecticut churches are proposing a Junior Work Camp at which high school young people will do forestry work and repair a small town church. This is not restricted to Connecticut young people. For information write to **Gibson I. Daniels, 37 Garden Street, Hartford, Connecticut.**

Washing dishes is fun—in good company—Camp Red Cliff, Utah



WAR COMPLICATES BUT OF THE AM



Mr. Charles P. Heineman of Hartford Theological Seminary has just been appointed to Madura, India

The relocation of some m
of a few, and increased cost
\$40,000 emergency expens

Our missionaries are conti
in Africa, in India, in Mex
and China the majority a
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missionaries are doing wa
the moment work proceed

Thirty-five new missionar
to the fourteen appointed
wives, two nurses, eight
five ordained men and th
and multiply brotherhood.

Days of Crisis Are Always

The Congregational Christian Church
Board are carrying forward a vast,

Serve the basic human needs of 60 million people
Train leaders for younger churches in 12 countries

**MAY
FOR YOUR
WORK ABROAD**

**L
GIV
RECOGNIZE
PLAN TO MAKE A**



By Denominational Act

Send your gifts to your Conference Office c

O ENLARGES THE WORK CAN BOARD

the temporary withdrawal
work and travel have added
current budget of the Board.

work without interruption
the Philippines. In Japan
posts but uncertain condi-
s. In Bulgaria and Greece
k, in Turkey and Syria at

gently needed (in addition
): six physicians and their
achers, two men teachers,

"Add a new missionary



*Rev. Walter C. Wynn and his wife have just
been appointed to Galangue, Africa, a station
manned entirely by American Negro
missionaries of our Board*

ys of Enlarged Opportunity

United States through the American
enterprise. Together we continue to
build the foundations for just and durable peace
strengthen the world-encircling Christian movement

fore

PRAY
POSSIBILITY
EXTRA OFFERING

NOT
LESS FOR ANY
BUT MORE FOR ALL



American Board Month

American Board, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

They Help Each Other At Kings Mountain

BUILDING personal pride and financial self-reliance both among their students and in the communities by which they are surrounded is one of the aims of our Southern schools. Credit unions are proving an increasingly effective means to this end.

The rural South habitually lives "a year behind the world." Cash is a scarce commodity. Most families exist on the supplies which the storekeeper "furnishes" them on credit from one harvest to the next. They are completely at his mercy for both the food that they eat and such clothes as they wear. Common report has it that far more money can be made through "furnishing" than by farming. As a result, the small farmer of either race tends to shuffle his feet, hang his head and speak in a weakly apologetic tone of voice.

Credit Unions such as the Board of Home Missions is encouraging among the Highlanders at Brasstown, North Carolina, and among the Negroes at Bricks and Kings Mountain, also in North Carolina, are a tonic to the pride of their members. On the one hand, small savings are accumulated into sizable amounts; on the other, loans are made to the members for constructive

purposes at reasonable rates of interest. Joining such an organization tends to transform an economic peasant into a banker—at least in his outlook on life.

The last annual meeting of the Credit Union at Kings Mountain was held in connection with the Parent-Teacher Association of Lincoln Academy. Plans were worked out so that every member of both organizations was supplied with transportation to the gathering. Henry C. McDowell, director of the Academy, reports that there are enough cars and trucks available to bring every grown-up in the community together at one time. Fifty-six out of the seventy members of the Credit Union as well as sixty-two members of the Parent-Teacher Associations sat down to dinner together as guests of the boarding department of Lincoln Academy. During its eighteen months of existence the Credit Union has handled upwards of \$700. Mr. Ricks, a former principal of the Academy who is now a farmer in the community, was elected president, a local bricklayer, secretary, and the Vocational Agriculture teacher of the Academy, treasurer. Mr. McDowell, writes: "The Credit Union gives promise of providing the economic prop



Where the Credit Union and PTA held their annual meeting

which the community requires before it can intelligently face its real needs."

A Credit Union promotes mutual helpfulness. About two miles from Lincoln Academy a widow who is the mother of nine children owned a small home and a few acres of land. Much sickness has made life difficult for her during the five years since her husband died. Last fall an early morning fire destroyed both her home and its contents.

The community was quick to manifest its interest. Fortunately both she and her oldest son were members of the Credit Union. All agreed that she should be helped in every way possible. For several weeks the classes in Industrial Arts and Vocational Agriculture worked for half-day periods at her place.

Other courses in the Academy were related to this project. The bricklayers and carpenters of the community volunteered their services, working alongside of the students and their teachers. Much material was donated; the Credit Union financed the purchase of the rest.

On January 10 Mrs. Dunham moved into her new home, which is a great improvement over the one which burned down and of the type which it is hoped will be generally adopted in the community. Even before the rise in the price of building materials the estimated cost of the house was \$540, but Mrs. Dunham paid less than half that amount. She is now working in the grade school lunch room and making monthly payments to wipe out her debt to the Credit Union.

Foreign Flashes

THEY COME WITH BED AND BOARD

WITH only a few workers scattered over a vast area the churches of the Elende Mission in West Africa find it desirable to meet periodically by districts. Miss Mary W. Hurlbut of Means School, Dondi, went on foot and by hammock, to one of these meetings. Everyone carries his own food, cooking pots and bedding. Between the regular meetings Means School graduates gave cooking demonstrations surrounded by a group of women seated on the grass. Eagerly they saw how soup could be made of sweet potatoes and soy bean milk; how cookies could come from cornmeal and sweet potatoes. All the cooking was done over an open fire.

MOONLIGHT NIGHTS MEAN . . . DEATH

CLEAR blue skies and moonlight nights are no longer things of beauty but of dread to people in Chengtu, China. A little whistle is blown as the enemy approaches. Yellow flags are hoisted in conspicuous places. Next, comes the first siren and twenty minutes later a second or urgent siren. Everyone rushes to dugouts or basements to wait nervously until deep rumblings indicate that the enemy has arrived. Mrs. Charles H. Riggs tells of attending chapel service one beautiful day. They sang "This is My Father's World," and then "Faith of Our Fathers." At the words "We will be true to thee 'till death," a special meaning was felt by all. "Death"—here today and where tomorrow? They went out under the blue skies to see the yellow flags waving.

STRANGE ACCIDENT

WE are in great trouble," cried a man rushing up to Miss Gertrude H. Merrill, R.N., in Chikore, Southern Rhodesia, Africa. "My sister has been bitten by a crocodile!" Soon Nurse Merrill and John P. Dysart were on the way to help the child. She had been seized by a crocodile while dipping water from the Umsilizwi River. A companion had miraculously frightened the reptile away by beating the water, but not before the crocodile's teeth and thrashing tail had made bad wounds in the girl's arm, as well as broken it. It was twenty hours before Miss Merrill reached the little girl and then there was a fifteen-mile journey back to Chikore. Miraculously the infection which the doctor expected did not materialize.

RADIO MESSAGES TO THE FIELDS

MANAGER E. T. Buck Harris of Station KGEI, California, assures us that the short wave Mail Bag Program is still being broadcast every Sunday morning from 5 to 5.30 a.m. P.S.T. on a frequency of 9,670 Kilocycles, 31.02 meters. Word has come to us from various missionaries in the Orient and other parts of the world that they are receiving this program. Friends are therefore reminded that Mr. Harris would be very glad to get your messages and broadcast them. Address him: Sunday Morning Mail Bag Program, Station KGEI, 235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

INDIAN "SOOTHING SYRUP"

HE found grandma's opium box. He knew, even though he was only going on half past one, that the stuff grandma gave him from this box made him feel good. So he took a big pinch. Fortunately he was discovered promptly and rushed to Wai Hospital, India. There they washed out his stomach and poured strong coffee into his small mouth. By constant vigilance they kept him awake until the caffeine began to work. Nurse Katharine Mix dangled keys before him when he threatened to doze off. At last he was out of danger. The family had learned a stern lesson. The habit of giving babies opium to keep them quiet still works havoc in India but the custom is growing less each year thanks to the efforts of American missionaries. The Indian Bible women wage a continuous battle against this among the villagers. Often it results in getting the women to give up their opium boxes entirely.

FOOD FOR THE SICK

BRING corn or beans or bananas, eggs or pumpkins," said the Zulu pastor in Dondi, West Africa, to his flock, knowing their poverty. It was to be a Christmas offering for the hospital. Everyone entered into the spirit of the thing, reports Miss W. Hurlbut of the American Board of Foreign Missions. There were eggs, beans, meal, corn, potatoes and even live chickens. Children brought bunches of cabbage leaves. The sum figured up to the equivalent of 200,000 angolares or ten dollars American money. At the Dondi Hospital patients are supposed to furnish their own food but sometimes they run out or are put on special diets. Since the small hospital budget will not take care of these extras they often come out of the missionary's funds. This giving service of food meant a great deal to the hospital as well as affording the people a chance to express their gratitude to the church and the hospital.



The congregation at Spring Valley, Montana. with the pastor on the right

In a Montana School House

By Harold Wiley Freer, Randolph, New York

STANDING on the steps of the little gray school house at Spring Valley, Isaac N. Stanley of Ekalaka, Montana, minister of the Carter County Larger Parish, waved a greeting to us. Peeking through the small doorway were several small boys and girls. They had come from ranch homes back in the hills, for not a house could be seen from the little school. Three men and a hand-

ful of women had gathered together with the children for a worship service, this beautiful Sunday afternoon. They greeted us as though we were old neighbors coming home from a trip.

About thirty people found places in the tiny seats behind the old desks in the dingy school room. Mr. Stanley quietly said: "Let us talk with God." Im-

mediately we were in the presence of God—and not a worship symbol of any kind in the crowded school room. When he said "Amen," we were all a little different from the folk we had been a few moments before.

A friend from Ekalaka played a hymn on his violin, with his daughter as accompanist. The boys and girls in the front rows watched every movement with bright eyes. It was not great music, but again God was there. I stared at the cracked black-board in front of me, uncomprehending.

With four or five of the older girls standing around the old organ to lead us, we sang familiar hymns. But the organ stool caught my eye. It was a section of log two feet long standing on end, and on it a coverless copy of Webster's unabridged dictionary. Mr. Stanley called upon several of the older young people to read the Scriptures.

Each of the visitors gave a word of greeting. After the minister pronounced the benediction we visited together. "It is so fine to meet people from the East," a kindly-faced woman said with a smile. "We see so few strangers back here off the highway." "No," she continued, in answer to a question, "it isn't lonely. We always have had it this way and we are used to it. But we do enjoy having church out here where we live."

"Having church!" In an old run-down school house, clean but crowded with dilapidated school furniture. Yet it was church, in spite of the lack of a single aid to worship. God had been there in our midst, as He had been other Sundays when the folk of Spring Valley met together to worship Him. They had found Him in the quiet of their fellowship together. We were glad to share that fellowship with them.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS"

Is the Children's Day Service which the Board of Home Missions has prepared for the use of the churches. Between the singing of the stanzas of J. Edgar Park's hymn scenes are presented showing both the teachings of Jesus in his day and their application to our time. Two of the episodes depict the work of our churches among the migrant laborers who gather the crops and Student Summer Service in our home missionary parishes. The service was prepared by Ellen Fraser and Jessie Eleanor Moore. Sample copies may be secured without charge from The Board of Home Missions, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing

KAGAWA NOT RETIRED

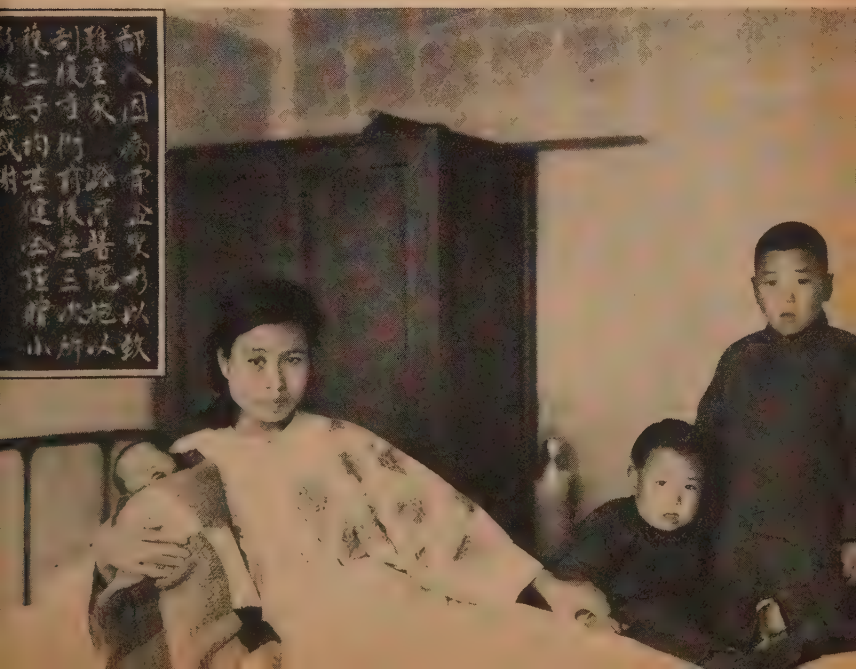
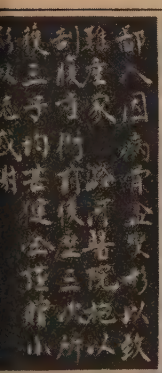
Proof of the fact that Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa is free to carry on his work as usual is found in this picture showing (left to right), Dr. R. E. Diffendorfer, Dr. Kagawa and Bishop James C. Baker (of the Methodist Church) chatting in a Japanese railway station in January. Dr. Kagawa had just completed 51 days of strenuous evangelistic meetings and was soon to enter another.

As we go to press word comes that he is landing in America around April 20 with a deputation of Japanese Christian leaders for conferences with American churchmen. Others of the group are: Bishop Yoshimune Abe, Miss Michi Kawai, Rev. Michio Kozaki, Hon. Tsunejiro Matsuyama and Mr. Soichi Saito.

JOYFUL THANKS

This proud and happy mother wished to express to Dr. Hugh L. Robinson of Lu Hu Hospital, Tunghsien, North China her gratitude to the hospital for three sons. Unable to have children by normal birth, three Caesarean sections gave her these sturdy boys. Middle Son seems in imminent danger of sliding off the bed but mother has a firm grip on his wrist!

While Mrs. Robinson and the children have returned to America, following the advice of the American Board, Dr. Robinson is carrying on at the hospital in Tunghsien.





THE LORBEERS BACK ON THE JOB

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd L. Lorbeer of Pasumalai, India, stopped in Manila en route to the field and visited the Sobrepenas. Here is their attractive hostess (center). Dr. Sobrepena, pastor of the United Church in Manila, was leader of the Filipino delegation to Madras.

Against the background of threatened communal divisions in India Mr. Lorbeer sees as the greatest hope the spirit of the Living God coming through the witness of Christians or those indirectly but definitely influenced by the New Testament.

The Lorbeers are not only the special representatives of First Church, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pomona and Claremont but have the interest of churches in California, Washington and Oregon.

COME UNTO ME

A mother heart broods over her undernourished child. This young Indian mother is bringing her baby to the Child Welfare Center in Pasumalai, India, where Mrs. John J. Banninga works untiringly with Indian helpers and a qualified Indian nurse. Children receive a bath, some cod liver oil, orange juice and porridge. They drain every precious drop from the cups. The building housing this center was given by an Indian business man, who died last year. Although himself a Hindu he helped the Christian Church and had a deep interest in the mission hospitals and work.





Where 500 children are fed daily

China Hungers

A MISSIONARY of the American Board writes from China:

"We have seen stark starvation aplenty, and only in heaven is there a record of the suicides from desperation, especially among old people, so as to release a few leaves and roots for others in the family. Not long ago a mother in final desperation, drowned her two small children and then followed them into the river.

"We have set up soup kitchens, opened refuges for children, helped distribute both money and grain, and have given subsidies to a few hospitals under careful restrictions so that they may look after the distress of the very

poor. The funds which your Committee has been able to send out have been of great help, though of course we have not been able to touch more than the fringes of the tragedy."

People ask why the churches are raising money when the American Red Cross has resumed active work in China. The Congressional appropriation for the relief of war victims can only be used for the purchase of American surplus commodities, and the shipments already made to China have produced such a congestion that the Director of the American Red Cross in China wrote on February 10, "There are already more medical sup-



Moving Day is a common experience in China

plies on the Burma Road than can be transported into 'free China' for the next six months. The great need is in the 'no man's land' between the Japanese and the Chinese lines. No food can be transported to it from 'occupied territory.' None can be transported to it from America, for such supplies must use the Japanese occupied transportation routes. It can be reached only by money, and for the most part by money in the hands of missionaries. The American Advisory Committee has the best

In addition to the Church Committee for China Relief, the organizations for which this Committee is raising money are The Congregational Union of England and Wales; American Mission in Athens, Greece; Central Bureau for Relief of Evangelical Churches in Europe; International Missionary Council; the American Committee for Christian Refugees; and the American Friends Service Committee.

organization for that purpose." This is the group of business men and missionary executives in Shanghai who allocate the funds sent by churches.

United China Relief Inc. has been organized under able national leadership, to coördinate seven relief agencies and to strive to raise five million dollars for China between April 3 and July 31. The Church Committee for China Relief is the sole agency for presenting this appeal to the Protestant churches.

Contributions from our churches should be sent to:

**Elbert A. Harvey, Treasurer
The Congregational Christian
Committee for Assistance to
War Victims
289 Fourth Avenue
New York City**



In a Nebraska Town

FROM THE ANNALS OF STUDENT SUMMER SERVICE

By Roger Manners, National Secretary of the Pilgrim Fellowship

I ARRIVED in Verdon by bus. One of the deacons met me, entertained me for supper and breakfast and established me in the parsonage with enough furniture to live with fair comfort. One meal a day was furnished by the ladies of the church at their homes. The other meals I prepared in the parsonage kitchen. The kindness and interest of everyone in my welfare was humbling. They gave me five dollars a week "to eat" and then deluged me with gifts of food.

Verdon had never had a vacation church school and was just a bit dubious about the idea. Everyone agreed it was nice, but it was the busy season and they did not expect many to attend. The first day only sixteen children appeared. Each was given a pin and told that everyone who brought a new member would receive a red ribbon to go with it. The second day the attendance jumped to thirty-eight and the third day to fifty. Real sacrifices were made so that some of the

children might come. Two farm mothers dropped their work during the busy harvest and canning season to bring carloads of children to the school. One boy walked in three and a half miles from his home every day, a round trip of seven miles.

The daily program consisted of games, fun-songs, religious songs, stories, a hand-work period and worship. The youngsters arranged a worship center that the older church members liked and kept for use in the Sunday services. At the close of the worship period the children joined hands about the worship center and sang "Into My Heart." After each one offered a simple prayer, they faced about, with their backs to the worship center and sang "Shine Out of My Heart, Lord Jesus." This was sincere and meaningful to the youngsters.

After the closing session of the school we had a picnic dinner at the church with an impromptu amateur hour. Many of the mothers were present as guests.

The final achievement program was presented on Sunday evening. Instead of a formal program we merely shared some of our daily experiences. The older people appreciated most the dramatization of the "Good Samaritan" and the closing worship service. The youngsters saved fire-works money to send to the suffering children of China. After the close of the school the children met at the church once a week for games, songs and more stories.

When I first arrived the officials of the church asked me to "work" with the young people, as they had been seriously neglected. Not knowing just how to "work" with young people, I took the simple path of making friends. This was easy as they were about my own age. Since they had solicited the money necessary for me to come, they felt that I belonged to them personally.

Three of the boys clerked in the local store, another drove the ice truck, another worked at the grain elevator, six or seven others worked on farms. One of the girls was a stenographer in the court house at Falls City, several were school teachers home for the summer, another gave cornet and piano lessons and was church pianist, while most of the others lived on farms and did their share at home. Everyone had a job of some sort. I helped them as much as was possible—getting up at 5 a.m. to go on the ice



Roger Manners drawing water at the parsonage well

route, washing glass cases at the store, "chinning" at the elevator between loads of wheat, etc. They vied with one another in entertaining me. It seemed easy to win their friendship—and that was about all the "work" I did with them.

Two nights a week we met at the church, often as late as 9.30, as work in the store and on the



The Verdon Vacation School singing "Shine Out of My Heart"

farms wasn't finished until then. One evening was purely social and the other was a young people's summer choir rehearsal. Several boys who had never been in the habit of staying for church refused to miss a Sunday after the choir was organized. Of course the parents had to stay so that the boys would have a way to get home.

On the social evening we had skating parties, a scavenger hunt, folk games, weiner roasts, picnics, etc. One Sunday we held a picnic at Sun Springs, Kansas, with swimming, ice cream, skating, a sunset vesper service and a campfire. The vesper, held on a wooded hill, was truly reverent. Afterwards we built a campfire

back of some trees and sang and told stories. The skating in the nearby rink began before we finished, yet the youngsters didn't even hear the roar until I mentioned it as we broke up, although many of them had been in a rush to get the "prayers" finished so as not to lose a moment. The sight of my new friends really worshipping together was worth my seven weeks.

I was also privileged to share the fears and problems of the people. These ranged all the way from arbitrating the use of an automobile between two brothers my own age to comforting and helping a bereaved old Scots woman find a purpose in life without her husband.

“Mark, the Perfect Man”

By Dorothy P. Cushing*

A DOCTOR whose medical responsibilities stretch from his small office on Beacon Hill, Boston, around the world is Dr. Mark Hopkins Ward, Medical Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Congregational. To him falls the general supervision of the work of 32 doctors, 23 men and 9 women, and 23 trained nurses in 23 hospitals and 41 dispensaries under thirteen flags.

Not only this but Dr. Ward is supposed to know who's who and what's what along health lines for 441 American missionaries and their children, working in China, Japan, India, Africa, Ceylon, Syria, Turkey, Greece, the Philippine Islands and the South Sea Islands. The mere mention of these far-flung outposts gives a slight idea of the health problems arising due to tropical climates and diets, subjects which hold the attention of American Board doctors and along the lines of which many have done fruitful research.

The American Board also has in its hospitals and clinics overseas 50 nationals who are doctors, 163 graduate national nurses and nearly 400 nurses in training, not to mention a round figure of around 300 assistants.

*Published in *Medical Pocket Quarterly*.

Dr. Ward was born in Newton, Massachusetts. Following graduation from Amherst he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, and finished his training there in 1911. There followed four years of internship in the hospitals of New York City and then appointment under the American Board as a medical missionary in Turkey. The major part of his time there was spent in Istanbul (then Constantinople) where he worked in the American Red Cross Hospital, caring for wounded Turkish soldiers. His work in Turkey began, as is easy to see, during the Great War.

One reason why Mark Ward became a missionary physician may be found by glancing at his family tree. His mother was the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Elisha Bliss, missionaries in Turkey for 49 years, and his father, Langdon S. Ward, was for 40 years officially connected with the American Board, 30 years as Treasurer.

Dr. Ward has two sisters in active missionary service today, one in Turkey and one in China, and two brothers, one a doctor who for a time was dean of the Medical School of the American University, Beirut, Syria, but is now in America. His second

brother, a twin, also was for a time in foreign service under the Y.M.C.A. in India.

In 1917, Dr. Ward returned to America from Turkey and entered the United States Army. After a brief service in the camps at home he was sent overseas and plunged into the 1918 Chateau Thierry offensive, the St. Mihiel Drive and the Argonne Forest offensive. Serving with a captain's silver bar in the mobile operating unit of the medical corps, Dr. Ward saw "plenty" of the last Great War.

An ability almost amounting to genius of dropping in on a spot when things were beginning to happen, again brought Dr. Ward to Constantinople after his discharge from the army at a time when he was loaned by his Board to the Near East Relief. He was sent to Harpoot in Asia Minor as medical officer of the relief unit there where he took charge of the Annie Tracy Riggs Hospital.

Pitiful little famine victims whose bodies were emaciated and covered with sores made up the bulk of his patients. There were at that time 5,000 orphans being cared for in Harpoot alone. The Greco-Turkish war, with its deportation of Greek inhabitants from the villages of the Black Sea, flooded Harpoot in the spring and summer of 1921. Thus, the twin specters of starvation and disease stalked hand in hand among the pathetic refugees.

Soon typhus broke out. The hospital was filled to overflowing.

Then it was that Dr. Ward's guardian angel, which had brought him safely through his experiences in France, took a nap. The dread typhus claimed him as a victim and he lay unconscious for over a month. "It was December 11 when I went to sleep," says Dr. Ward, "and it was January 15 when I woke up."

Because of his work with refugees Dr. Ward was forced to leave Turkey in 1922, and he did a great deal of speaking for the Near East Relief until May, 1923, when he came into the American Board headquarters as a secretary. Soon his present medical department was set up and Dr. Ward began his duties of supervision of the health of the missionaries, the first medical secretary of the American Board.

Fully realizing the connection between a healthy, wholesome body and a healthy, wholesome faith, mission boards today are deeply and continuously concerned with the health of missionaries and in the promotion of their Christian mission of healing so clearly set forth by the Great Physician.

In addition to this supervision of the world-wide medical work of the American Board, Dr. Ward has to see and pass every missionary home on furlough before he or she can take up study or speak or return to the field.

Eyes, teeth, posture, and all other physical problems must be thoroughly studied and solved. There must be vaccinations and inoculations before anyone can pick up his bags and start back to the foreign field.

Dr. Ward's hobbies are sailing, gardening and climbing his family tree. Perhaps his biggest diversions are his small daughter and son, Anne Bliss, aged 12, and Robert Theodore, aged 8. Each summer vacation Dr. Ward spends on Cape Cod, much of the time in his sail boat. His interest in the genealogy of the Ward and other families is a real source of refreshment.

With all his other duties Dr. Ward still finds time to serve

on innumerable committees, both in church work and in the civic life of his home town, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts. This year he is acting as President of the Boston Congregational Club. He is also on the Board of Directors of the Christian Medical Council for Overseas Work, New York; Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Willis F. Pierce Hospital, Foochow, China; and Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Associated Missions Medical Office, New York.

And last, but by no means least, Dr. Ward is Clerk of the Prudential Committee of the American Board—and this is a job in itself.

The Motive of Medical Missions

By Mark Hopkins Ward, M. D.

WE need always to bear in mind that our missionary doctors and nurses are not sent out *primarily* to convert people to Christ. Inevitably by their spirit and work they commend the Gospel to many, and not a few become Christians in consequence. Directly and indirectly our hospitals and dispensaries are real evangelizing agencies.

Yet, after all, the dominating motive of medical missions is compassion for people in

their suffering—just as it was with the Great Physician himself when he was on earth.



Dr. Ward

To relieve the suffering of men's minds from ravaging superstitions and fears as well as to relieve their bodies of pain due to diseases of every nature, and to create healthy, happy human beings with contagious personalities full of the spirit of Jesus Christ; such is the main purpose of the medical missionary arm of the Christian Church.

Three Superintendents Retire

ON May 31, Superintendents A. C. Hacke of North Dakota, C. H. Burdick of Montana and O. A. Smith of the Southwest will retire because of the age limits which have been established by the Board of Home Missions.

August C. Hacke was born in Kansas, grew up on a ranch in Texas, spent three years in business, began his preparation for the ministry under the auspices of the Christian churches at Merom, Indiana, and Stanfordville, New York, but completed both his academic and his theological studies at Oberlin. His first pastorate was in the altitudinous mining town of Silverton, Colorado, and his second in western North Dakota at Dickinson. In between times he was in Industrial War Service in Massachusetts, Director of Religious Education for the Iowa Conference and University Pastor at Ohio University at Athens, Ohio.

In 1921 he became Superintendent of North Dakota as successor to the "indefatigable" E. H. Stickney. In great heat and much cold he has faced drought, dust storms, plagues of grasshoppers, bank failures, dwindling budgets and all the other hardships of the last decade. He has been patient, persistent, terribly honest and irrepressibly concerned about the young people of the state. His proudest achievement has been the development of the summer conference grounds at Lake Metigoshe. It is rumored that he will spend next year in Florida.

Charles H. Burdick was born in Wisconsin of New England stock. He graduated from Beloit College

in 1899 and from Chicago Seminary in 1902. After serving the Second Church of Moline and the Prophets-town Church in Illinois he went west to a succession of pastorates in Washington—Bellingham, Deer Park, Pilgrim Church of Spokane, First Church of Everett and the First Church of Walla Walla. In 1927 he became associated with L. O. Baird in the work of the Washington Conference, which included supervision of churches in Alaska and northern Idaho as well. In 1934 he followed Claton S. Rice as superintendent of Montana. By this time the great deflation was about over and for seven years he has had the privilege of building on sure foundations amid improving conditions. On June 1 C. H. Burdick will become pastor of the churches at Rosendale and Eldorado in his native Wisconsin.

O. A. Smith has triumphed over ill health to lead a busy and fruitful life. His early life was spent in Michigan, much of it as an invalid. In 1900 he went west, first to Colorado and later to New Mexico as a pastor in the United Brethren Church. In 1920 he became pastor of our church at Nogales, Arizona, which is the chief port of entry to Mexico for the Pacific states. A high fence through the heart of town marks the international boundary. Here he soon became involved in social welfare work. His has been a ministry of mediation amid the strains of an ever changing international situation. He was honored on the American side with six years in the city council of Nogales, while the Mexicans showed their esteem

by inviting him to attend the inauguration of President Ortiz Rubio as a guest of the nation.

For the past four years O. A. Smith has combined the superintendency of the Southwest with the pastorate of the church at Nogales.

He has traveled a great circle with the eastern limit at El Paso and the northern at Albuquerque. He is a gentle spirit in whose manner of thought and life there lingers much of the old West. His unique figure will be greatly missed.

Two New Superintendents

ON June 1, Marvin R. Brandt will assume the superintendency of North Dakota and Cloyd H. Conner that of Montana. Both men will



Superintendent Conner

Beloit and of Yale Divinity. He was pastor of the Shelton Avenue Church of New Haven, a mission of Center Church, from 1913 to 1915. From 1915 to 1918 he served our church in Edgerton, Wisconsin, and from 1918 to 1930 the First Church in Sheboygan, an industrial city some miles north of Milwaukee. In 1930 he went to the West Church of Akron, Ohio, just as the pall of the depression was settling down on what had been the boom city of Ohio. For eleven years he has faced a situation which would try the heart of any man. In addition, he suffered great personal loss through the death of his wife.

He goes to North Dakota as one who was reared amid the problems of rural life and who has had a rich experience both as a pastor and as a church executive. His knowledge of the German language will commend him to our numerous German-speaking churches in North Dakota.

Cloyd H. Conner worked as a rural mail carrier to secure the funds to attend Simpson College. He graduated from Garrett Biblical Institute in 1925 and received his master's degree from Northwestern University in 1926. Except for his freshman year, he "preached his way" through college and seminary.

serve under the Church Extension Division of the Board of Home Missions. Both were born on Iowa farms. Both have been active with the young people and have taught for several years in summer conferences.

Marvin Brandt is a graduate of

From 1926 to 1929 he was pastor of the Linnton Community Church of Portland, Oregon. In 1929 he went to the Congregational Church in Weiser, Idaho, at the same time teaching in the Intermountain Institute. Five years later he was called to the Holbrook Church of Livingston, one of our four vigorous, self-supporting congregations in Montana. Ever since coming to the state he has served on the executive committee of the Montana Conference, and was the happy choice of the ministers and churches of the state for the position of superin-

tendent. He has two children, a son in high school and a daughter in junior high.



Superintendent Brandt

Personals

The friends of **Dr. William Merrell Vories** of the "Omi Mission" on Lake Biwa, Japan, will be interested in his decision, after thirty-six years a resident in that land, to become a citizen of Dai Nippon. He has been adopted into his wife's family and so has permission to use the historically distinguished name of **Hitotsuyanagi**.

But we can still call him "Merrell" and will, as he suggests, continue in the good old fellowship with him in

Christian service in the Far East.

It may be of interest to know that the usual broadcaster from Ankara, Turkey, twice a week has been **Farnsworth Fowle**, Rhodes scholar and son of Luther R. Fowle, treasurer of our Near East Mission. His message reaches America over the Columbia Broadcasting Company, Mondays and Thursdays at 6.45 p.m., and 2.30 Sundays, E.S.T. He now broadcasts from Sofia, Bulgaria.

OKLAHOMA LEADS

Superintendent H. H. Lindeman of the Church Extension District of the Central South rightly calls our attention to our failure in the March HERALD to list Oklahoma's encouraging gain in apportionment giving in 1940. He humorously puts it this way: "Your high crime and unpardonable sin lies in the fact that you omitted Oklahoma with its 14.4 per cent gain. I don't know what you will be able to say in the great Day of Judgment." Amen!

Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

Rev. and Mrs. Walter C. Wynn of Providence, Rhode Island, missionaries of the American Board designated to the West Central Africa Mission.

Miss Harriet Mae Summerville of Cleveland, Ohio, a missionary of the American Board designated to the West Central Africa Mission.

Mr. Charles Paul Heineman of Albany, New York, a missionary of the American Board with the expectation that he will go to India.

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Mrs. Howard S. Galt of the North China Mission.

Mrs. E. S. Cobb, Mrs. Darley Downs, Mrs. C. P. Garman and **Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Warren**, all of the Japan Mission.

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Dr. Bhaskar P. Hivale sailed from San Francisco, March 21, returning to Bombay, India.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Mrs. Lorrin A. Shepard in Istanbul, Turkey, March 17, returning to the

Near East Mission; **Miss Flora E. Manwell, R.N.**, joining the staff of the American Hospital.

Miss Grace H. Stowe in Kobe, Japan, March 23, returning to Kobe College.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Miss Abbie G. Chapin of Paotingfu, China, in Los Angeles, March 2.

Mrs. Howard S. Galt, Mrs. Stanley D. Wilson, Miss Mabel I. Huggins of Peking, North China, in Los Angeles, March 17.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles M. Warren of Kyoto, Japan, **Mrs. Clark P. Garman** of Tokyo, Japan, **Miss Eleanor Wilson** and **Miss Jane D. Baldwin** (retired) of Kusaie, Micronesia, in San Francisco, March 20.

DEATHS

Miss Cornelia P. Dwight, retired missionary of the American Board in Turkey (1871-1877), in Newton, March 31.

Mrs. William C. Cammack, missionary in West Central Africa 1907-1923, in Maitland, Florida, April 5.

In Memoriam

Miss Cornelia P. Dwight, retired missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Turkey, died Monday, March 31, in the Newton Hospital, Newton, Massachusetts, at the age of ninety-five.

Miss Dwight was born in Istanbul (then Constantinople), Turkey, in 1846, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harrison

G. O. Dwight, a distinguished pioneer missionary in the Near East.

She has been making her home with her niece, **Miss Mary W. Riggs**, 2 Auburn Court, Brookline. She was educated in Englewood, New Jersey, and taught school in the United States for four years before sailing for Turkey under the American Board in 1871. She re-

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from
Investments from June 1,
1940 to February 28, 1941 . \$51,718.84

Month of March, 1941 . . . 5,325.18

Total for 10 months ended
March 31, 1941 . . . \$57,044.02

American Missionary Association Division

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*

tired from active service because of ill health in 1877. From 1886 to 1910 Miss Dwight was Professor of Mathematics in Elmyra College, New York.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock, Wednesday, April 2, at 2 Auburn Court, Brookline, with burial in Wyom-ing Cemetery, Melrose. Rev. Richard H. Bennett of Belmont officiated.

Miss Dwight is survived by seven nieces and six nephews, several of them in foreign service. They are: Rev.

Ernest W. Riggs of Melrose, now President of Anatolia College, Saloniki, Greece; Rev. Henry Harrison Riggs, en route to his post in Beirut, Syria, where he is Executive Secretary of the Near East Christian Council; Rev. Charles Trowbridge Riggs of Istanbul, Turkey; Benjamin Dwight of Yonkers New York; Harry G. Dwight of New York City; Rev. Charles A. S. Dwight, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts; Miss Mary W. Riggs of Brookline; Mrs. Dana K. Getchell of Claremont, California; Mrs. J. R. Lewis of Holyoke, Massachusetts; Mrs. H. H. Fisher, Palo Alto, California; Mrs. George C. Barnard, Denver, Colorado; Miss Adelaide S. Dwight of Talas, Turkey and Mrs. John Carberry of Yonkers, New York. The late Mrs. Lewis T. Reed of New York was her niece.

Florence Quin. Miss Florence A. Quin, assistant in the treasury department of The American Missionary Association from 1894 to 1929, died at Mount Vernon, New York, on February 12, 1941.

During thirty-five years of service Miss Quin was never absent because of ill health. She was notable for accurate work and an unflinching memory. While she was with the Association the funds for which the treasury was responsible increased from \$300,000 to \$11,000,000.

SOME MISSION STUDY BOOKS FOR 1942-1943

The Missionary Education Movement (156 Fifth Ave., N. Y.) has gotten out some instructive and stimulating books for our study next summer, fall and winter. They cover the general subjects of "Christianity and Democracy in America" (the Homeland theme) and "Christians and World Order" (the "Foreign" study).

Besides the two books mentioned on pages 3 and 8 of this issue we should mention here Mrs. E. E. McClintock's *Discussion and Program Suggestions for Adults* (25 cents), based on Dr. Holt's book; also Miss Seabury's *What Kind of a World Do You Want?* (25 cents), a book based on Dr. Barnes' *A Christian Imperative* and full of discussion suggestions, projects, worship services, etc., for advanced young people.

Write for particulars to our Missions Council, 14 Beacon St., Boston and 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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